

Snowfall(out) by ChrisLeon

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Summary:

A snowball fight between the kids leads to a snowball fight between Steve and Billy. They're interrupted before either of them can win it, so of course they have to pick up where they left off once they're alone.

Snowfall(out)

A snow storm had rolled through town the night before, leaving everything coated in a soft layer of white. The streets had been mostly cleared by plows, leaving high drifts along the shoulder and at corners and many sidewalks and driveways were still buried.

Despite the weather, Steve had still somehow been talked into driving the Party to and from the arcade. When he'd arrived to pick them up, he'd found them already outside throwing snow at each other, rather than inside playing. The snow in the parking lot had mostly melted from the heat of cars pulling in and out, so it was less a snowball fight, and more just a bunch of preteens launching lumps of dirty slush at each other. Still, they seemed to be having a good time.

Dustin had tried to egg Steve into joining them when he'd first arrived, but Steve had refused to be sucked into their game and warned them that if anyone got too wet, he wouldn't let them into his car. It was an empty threat, he wouldn't actually leave any of them out in the cold, but he hoped it would deter them from completely ruining his interior.

Steve was watching as Lucas nailed Mike in the face with a relatively well-formed snowball just as another car pulled into the lot. The blue Camaro was unmistakable and Max let out a groan when it pulled to a stop next to Steve's car.

The music cut off and Steve heard the door open and shut. Billy walked around to lean against the car next to Steve. A cigarette was hanging from his lips and he was wearing his usual leather jacket despite how cold it was outside. Steve had to fight to keep the smile

off his face as Billy settled in next to him.

They'd been okay recently. Steve wasn't ready to call them friends, but Billy seemed to have calmed down at least. Now it was funny, watching him strut around in the freezing cold in a leather jacket because he thought it looked cool. So much of his personality was just absurd posturing and now that he'd stopped being such an angry, violent asshole, it was amusing to watch him try and keep up appearances.

"Maxine, let's go!" he yelled.

"You're early!" she yelled back, still focusing on pressing the slush into as solid a ball as she could.

Billy took another puff of his cigarette, "I don't know how you put up with the whole lot of them, Harrington, I can barely stand the one."

Steve just snorted. "Whatever, Hargrove. They're not that bad."

As if trying to purposefully undermine his point, just as he finished speaking, a rogue snowball came flying and hit Billy directly in the chest, shocking him into dropping his cigarette and sending Steve into a fit of laughter. Billy looked caught somewhere between rage and surprise and the expression on his face wasn't helping Steve's attempts to catch his breath and stop laughing.

Dustin, on the other hand, looked mortified and it wasn't hard to

guess that he'd been the one to throw the snowball. It took Billy another second to gather himself and settle on anger.

"You little shit."

"It was an accident!"

"I'm gonna-"

"Steve, he's gonna kill me, you have to do something!"

Still chuckling, Steve grabbed Billy's arm just as he began moving forward towards the younger boy.

"Calm down, it's not a big deal."

Billy still looked pissed, but he didn't pull himself out of Steve's grip like Steve knew he could and he still hadn't hit anyone, which probably wouldn't have been the case not too long ago.

"You think this is funny? Let's see how you like it."

With a bare hand, he grabbed a handful of the snow that Steve had been too lazy to clean off the roof his car that morning. Realizing his intention, Steve tried to back away, but Billy pulled him back in and

shoved the snow down Steve's collar.

"Goddammit," Steve yelled, feeling the icy water running down his back under his jacket. Not to be outdone, he crouched to the ground and gathered up as much slush in his hands as he could and threw it at Billy. He hit Billy in the back as he tried to move to put the cars between them.

"Are you kidding me? You're really gonna act like a little fucking kid, Harrington?"

"Hey! You started this!" He ducked behind the Camaro as Billy threw more snow at him.

"And I'm gonna fucking finish it," He chased Steve around the cars and Steve tried to avoid him, but wasn't quite fast enough. One of Billy's arms caught him around the waist while the other dumped a handful of snow on top his head.

Billy didn't let go of him and the two of them wound up pressed chest to chest with Billy's arm still wrapped around him. Blinking water out of his eyes, Steve found himself face to face with Billy. The other boy's cheeks were flushed from the cold and the tip of his nose was bright red. Billy was staring intently at him, but he didn't look angry anymore. Instead, he was staring with an expression Steve couldn't place. He was extremely aware of the hand pressed to the small of his back and their faces were only a few inches apart.

Carefully, Billy raised his free hand to Steve's face and brushed the water off his cheek. The move was uncharacteristically gentle and

surprisingly intimate. Steve felt his breath hitch and his eyes felt like they were caught in the other boy's gaze.

"Steve!" The moment was broken by Dustin yelling, "Are we going or what?"

Pulling away, Steve answered, "Yeah, yeah. Calm down, we're going."

He headed back to the driver's side door of his car, but before getting in, he looked back towards Billy who was still watching him. He gave an awkward wave that Billy didn't return and climbed into the driver's seat.

Hours later, he was alone in his room getting ready for bed. He was about to turn off the lights and get under the covers when he heard a noise outside his window. He tensed up instinctively and was about to go for the bat under his bed when a very familiar and very human face appeared in his window.

He pushed the glass up and angrily whispered, "Hargrove, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Trying not to break my neck; would you mind giving me a hand?"

Against his own better judgment, Steve pulled Billy into his room and shut the window behind him to keep the cold out. Even though the temperature had dropped even lower than it had been that afternoon, Billy had still refused to dress appropriately.

“Okay, you’re here, now what do you want?”

“I figured we should finish what we started earlier.” Billy dropped down onto Steve’s bed, making himself comfortable and kicking off his boots.

“I swear to god, Hargrove, if you try throwing snow at me again-”

“Does it look like I have any snow?” He gestured to the bedroom around them.

“Then what do you mean?”

“Sit down and I’ll show you.”

“You know, this is my room.” He did as Billy asked anyway and sat next to him, the two of them leaning against the headboard, their shouldered pressed together.

“Now, what-”

Before he could get the rest of the question out, Billy leaned over and pressed their lips together. It surprised Steve and it took him a moment before he returned the kiss.

Billy was the first to pull away and when Steve opened his eyes his cheeks were pink, like they had been earlier out in the cold. Now, on top of the flushed cheeks, his eyes were half lidded and his lips were slick with saliva.

“That’s what I meant.”

“Oh,” Steve licked his lips, “Do it again.”

For maybe the first time in his life, Billy was ready and willing to do as someone asked of him. They wound up laying down on the bed, limbs tangled together, never pulling their faces more than a few inches apart when they needed to breathe.

Finally, Billy sat up and sighed, “I should go, it’s getting late.”

Before he could get out of the bed, Steve grabbed him by the wrist.

“Stay?”

“Steve-”

“Please? I’ll set my alarm clock; you can go home in the morning.”

Billy looked conflicted for a moment before pulling his arm from Steve’s grasp and standing up. Steve was about to object again when he realized that Billy wasn’t heading back to the window. Instead, he flipped the light switch and pulled off his jeans and jacket. In just his boxers and T-shirt with only the dim light from the window, he looked softer than Steve had ever seen him.

Steve set his clock and then pulled the comforter up over himself and lifted it in invitation. Billy climbed back into the bed and Steve snuggled up close against him. At first, Billy was stiff, but Steve felt him relax and his arms came up to wrap around him. Steve closed his eyes and drifted off in the warm cocoon of the blanket and Billy’s embrace.

Author's Note:

This was supposed to just be about a snowball fight, but it kinda got away from me. I know it's not even winter yet, but I've already had to deal with a huge snow storm, so I've decided it's time for fluffy winter-themed fics.

As always, all mistakes are my own and please let me know if anything's terribly incorrect